THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.

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A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXI. PHILADELPHIA, JULY 3, 1841. WHOLE NO. 1040.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Am I Alone.

I am alone—ne'er night nor noon,
O'ermore thongs—can I destroy.
The mighty Ocean, has answered
Yet not one white sail meets mine eye.

Long have I sigh'd for solitude,
Mourn'd for some hour and quiet spot.
Where fate and man could not intrude—
Where worldly cares might be forgot—

All, all, alone.

The sunlight, come upon the wave,
That cannot like gold beneath its ray.
The silver moon, with her pale beam,
Can slowly, softly, send away;

All, all alone.

But am I happy?—am I free?
A secret yearning is my breast,
My quiet plaudits are denied,
And on the grassy mound to rest—

All, all, alone.

Some kindred heart to sympathize,
And share this lovely scene with me,
If I could turn, and meet kind eyes,
Both Heaven and Earth more bright would be.

Though not alone.

M. L. L.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Victim of Forgery.

A Tale.

George Pollard was a young man, possessed of a fine figure, a noble and generous heart, and a lively disposition, that won many warm friends. He was the eldest son in a large family, and although considered the flower of the flock, it became necessary for his father to make such arrangements for his future welfare as would best promote his own interest.

Mr. Pollard had received an offer for his son from the city of Pensacola, in the capacity of a clerk. The father felt highly flattered at the notice he had attracted, and although the proposition was made to the house of Brown & Co. he was quite familiar with the name, from the high character they bore in the city. He therefore resolved that his son should be the salary. After mature reflection, he forgetting the ties that bound George, it was decided that the offer should be accepted, and the young man left his native home to Pensacola.

On the day our young hero was about to embark, he had attained his twenty-first year, and with high hopes and no fears of the future, he bade his friends farewell and entered the vessel, he had a gay farewell to his youthful companions. When he came, however, he knew that he must leave all that was dear to his infancy, and behold the solemn group of father, mother, brothers, and sisters who had gathered around to take a parting embrace, his heart beat with fluttering emotion, and he could not utter in rapid succession down his now pale cheek. Although nature is much used to slaughter and tragedy and appear as cheerful as possible, yet scenes would prevail, and with all their efforts it is no lover of ardour. This was the first branch severed from the vine, and the parent felt an anxiety hitherto unknown to him. It could not but excite feelings of the bitterest emotion, as they launched their frail bosom upon the wide ocean, subject to the elements and tried that in an evil hour might destroy all their hopes. The youngest of the members of the family although suffering little anguish, felt that they could not separate, and without again beholding that form they so dearly loved, could not feel those sensations that the parents who were dreaming of the temptations to be encountered, and the many hardships to be experienced youth like George must bear ere they could again press him to their bosom, and look upon him, the object of their fondest love.

He needs form—his fair forehead—his beaming eyes and flowing ringlets were painted in their imagination in its most vivid colors, and the most fervent prayers were offered to heaven for protection and guidance in his new career.

The tender ties of home and kindred having for a time been severed, George found himself on board of a crowded vessel for his new home, and whether the separation was for good or evil, time only could determine. The excitement produced from the first parting was now subsided, and he was such that of first he could not realize that the scene around him was a reality. The steamer and new scenes, companions—the casual voyage for the crowded city, the many hours of sickness, and the unpleasant intimacies of manner years.

In two days George found himself in the city of ——— among entire strangers, and himself the sole guardian of his interests.

Having taken lodgings at a boarding house, recommended by a friend before he left home, he was soon established in the store of his employers where he was kindly received, and having written a line home announcing his safe arrival, he retired to rest upon the duties of the store.

It is hardly necessary to say that for six months he our could be more attentive to business, or better liked by his employers. He was found to be kind and obliging in his manners, and he soon won the esteem of all he met. The family with whom he with home was faithfully regular—his habits moral and retired, he was praised. He was considered by correct deportment he was many desirable friends.

At this period the tide turned. The suit had pursued his invariable: the snow was in his wear. Still the change was not for the worse, and he was perceptible to the most scrutinizing observer. His early return at night—his absence from the theatre—his refusal to accompany young men to the haunts of dissipation—his strong abhorrence at gaming, had won for him the favorable opinion of his employers, and he was considered a star at their festive boards. Sabbath after Sabbath which he attended the house of God, and more experienced in the blandishments of the world enjoying a country ride. He would next be seen strolling about the city with a friend, and then every now and then enjoying a banqueting repast with those with whom he could boast neither of his person than himself. Intemperance in eating was soon followed by the use of wine, and then by drinks, which as the sequel will show terminated in his ruin.

It is unnecessary for the present purpose, to dwell long upon the early history of George, in which step by step he was gradually driven to the commission of a crime, of which no mortal mistrust, his imagination could not possibly have conceived. He himself had unperceptibly was he drawn into the vortex of ruin that he himself had cast the remotest idea of his rapid progress. He imagined that the lofty barrier of religious truths, and the fine example of his devoted parents would be sufficient to exterminate every improper desire, but the progress of temptation was to him like the approach of a serpent, poisoning his very vitals with its charms.

George's devotion to business remained unchanged, he, however, gave up to the vicissitude of pleasure, business always took the precedence; and he was soon considered the most serviceable young man in the store. About this time a vacancy occurred, and George was appointed principal book-keeper, and was entrusted with the entire funds of the store. It was, however, understood that his salary was to remain the same, until the end of the year, when it would be doubled. This was to him peculiarly pleasant intelligence, for he had recently heard from his father, that a law suit which had been pending several years, and had involved nearly all the property of the family, would be terminated in a few days of certain payers he decided against him, and his family by that means be reduced from comfortable circumstances to almost abject poverty. One sudden misfortune is almost abject poverty. One would suppose at first thought that intelligence so painful to nature, would have a tendency to check, but George to his other thoughts, but he was unconscious of something any thing that would affect the information produced, was, a redoubled attention to his business, whereby the younger man his mite towards supporting his parents and their family. To his honor be it said, he was not unmindful of his duty in this respect. Though the sudden force of temptation, such as had been a charms for George Pollard, had in some respects weakened his once sensitiveness, and broken down the barriers against temptation which early parts had raised, there was yet one noble feeling left which could not be effaced, and that was a filial feeling was a consciousness of his duty to his parents.

Anna Carleton was a blooming girl of eighteen; but young as she was, her mind was matured by accomplished department, and was many adorned by the graces of intellect, whereby she was the delight of every intellect, a disposition as placid as a summer lake, and as ingenuous as the mother of innocence; it was not at all strange that she was the idol of many.

Among those who evidently stood high in her esteem none were more pronounced than George Pollard. But there was a natural diffidence on the part of Anna, which would prevent her from any reference that appeared to exist in their standing in society. She was conscious of being in the heiress: the other was simply a merchant's clerk. Unfortunately, or it happened, each was unconscious of the other's regard in the same delicate situation in life, though no doubts could exist in regard to the feelings of the heart which were the business of both. Miss C——— was unfortunately extravagant, and George knew would make a more expensive companion than would suit his pecuniary circumstances, but the act was beyond his power. He was determined to secure his long sought prize at whatever cost. But as his trade was in a different channel, he found great difficulty in attaining his end. Fashionable balls, concerts and operas rapidly his limited means were put in requisition, and rapidly his limited means were put in requisition, and rapidly his limited means were put in requisition, length that the whole amount of his salary for the year would be insufficient to meet the increasing demand that had been overdrawn

the child between, and neither of Mansfield. There was something new to her in their expression. It was no more easy now for her to read them than when they were concealed by the looking glass here, through the natural organs of vision. She felt like the traveler who, having passed through the tunnel, sees the familiar objects around him, while her heart beats with the consciousness that mental light is now shining upon them.

Meantime the rest of the party went on discussing the subject for consideration; but Mansfield's mind was present to his self-reproach. He thought, he thought, his feelings had expressed; and the sound of his own voice in his ears was a stronger stimulus to the hobbling of a brain. When the candle broke up, he solemnly offered Mrs. Dillingham his arm, which she as solemnly declined, and a word was scarcely uttered till they reached her mother's door, which was about only a few yards, and the night a couple more change of "good-night."

As Mansfield that night, laid his head on the pillow, he audibly repeated:—"The power of making others happy!" Yes, Miss Dillingham, you Christian, this is your opinion; this constitutes your felicity. This is that nobler and truer heart, whether with the rich, or with those in health, whether in solitude or society, light, joyous, and cheerful as a bird to serve others. "The power of doing it!" As he was musing about her, sometimes trifling acts of kindness, remained at the same, and not at all thought of, came thronging on his memory, and among them the little girl and her dull cause, and to his recollection:—"That trifling gift," thought he, "and on acceptable offering to little Christie. How much the motive exalts and dignifies the action!" Then the tenacious of the child's mother recurred to his mind—"She tries to make every body happy. Yes; she has traced the element of happiness to its source, and bears the mental image of that Being whose prerogative it is to bless; and to know how get it is to witness and promote her felicity of its creatures!"

He did not cease how himself in sleep, but the last thought of his mind—the last feeling of his heart, to oblivion crept over his senses:—"Miss Dillingham, I love thee!"

Though Mansfield's visits to Mrs. Dillingham were quite so frequent as ever, he could not speak of them as freely as he had formerly done, nor go up to his friend Bryan. There was a consciousness about him that caused embarrassment. There is great art, he did not boldly say, as he had been used to do:—Now I am going to hear Mrs. Dillingham converse," but he had another call to make, some little errand to do, and the night is the safest occasion for going out, and then the visit to Mrs. Dillingham made in silence. But the object which his vests was changed. The mother he admired, respected and loved, but the daughter had become the magnet of attraction. Of her, however, he was still less than ever. His wisdom in the parlour at all, and never erred. He found it next to impossible to meet her. At first, he was ready to believe that the change was only in himself. But his strong desire for her presence, which was watchful to be heard, led him to think her absent more than she used to be, when he was quite indifferent about the matter. But close observation led him to that this was not the case; Christine, herself, was certainly changed. Her manner was not so calm as it had formerly been; there was a timidity about it, and in her tones, and he might have said of her, as he was said of Hero:—

"I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes"—

for which there was no apparent reason. What could it mean? In vain he watched for an opportunity to speak with her; she was not even to be seen at work among her flowers, so had frequently been the case, hitherto, neither when he went in, nor when he went out.

Affairs were in this state, when he was called from town for a few days. While absent, he determined that on his return he would address Mrs. Dillingham on the subject, and from her learn the state of Christine's affections, and make a frank confession of his own. He could speak to her with more ease, more freedom, than to the object of his attachment. He was better acquainted—the mother and daughter. Her resolution was formed. He arrived at home in the morning, and found his friend Bryan at his lodgings.

"What news from Bristol, Walter?" asked his friend.

"None," answered he—what is there at home?"

"Nothing of consequence. The arrival of Mr. Canning is the affair most talked of in town.

"A gentleman who is a matter of the place, but who has been absent for five or six years. He arrived just after you went away, the night previous to the next weekday, and took lodgings in a gentleman, a widow and a Christian. There is a story being whispered about that he has come to take Christine Dillingham over with him.

"Christine Dillingham!" exclaimed Mansfield—"how take her away."

"As his wife, of course," answered he. It is said by those who profess to have been in the secret, that the engagement was made an accomplished fact before he left Bristol, who died not long before Mr. Canning went abroad. For the first, that a popular report has been kept up between him and the Dillingham family, we have the authority of the gentleman."

While Bryan was speaking, Mansfield turned to look at a print, that hung in the room, but saw not a single word he uttered. His brain whirled, and he felt as if suffocating; nevertheless, by a strong effort he a voice that betrayed little or no emotion, he said.

"That must have been young Mr. Canning, engaged."

"Christine was a child—scarcely more than thirteen," answered Bryan. "Mr. Canning was then only a boy from Calvin."

At this moment, a chaise drove to the door, and Bryan, drawing on his gloves, said—

"I suppose you have just come from your home, you have a wish to take a seat with me as far as Clifton?"

"Where are you going?" asked Mansfield.

"Down to the country for a week or so, and should like you for a companion."

"I cannot go."

"Then good bye to you," said Bryan, shaking his friend's hand; and a moment after he was driven from sight.

"She shall not be sacrificed! *He* shall not take her away! He—not enough for her father!" Such were the ejaculations that burst from Mansfield, the moment he was left by himself. "I will see Mrs. Dillingham immediately! I will see Christine! I will see—she must not love him!—

As soon as quick walking could accomplish it, with the dust of his recent journey unbrushed from his hat coat, or boots, he was in Mrs. Dillingham's house in her parlour—in her presence, and on that of her daughter! Calm, dignified, benign as usual, the mother arose to give him her hand, and ask after his health. Her manner brought him to some measure, to himself enough, however, to cover him with confusion, and ensure his embarrassment enough to speak but in broken sentences. In the most hurried and incoherent manner he answered her questions, and then, with the utmost effort, he could be think or speak of each successive place things, when in the presence of her daughter—and she arranged to speak to her. He went to gaze out his heart before her—yet, dared not look in her face, she should read that in her eyes which he as much wished her to know! His visit was very short for while in the presence of the mother, and of her daughter, the restraint under which he labored was intolerable. No sooner was he alone, than he called himself for his folly in not looking at Christine, to learn whether her countenance confirmed the report. "But," thought he, "did I not look in her face? Surely it would have told me whether the report had been her head he perceived in possession of her heart?"

In the street, disappointment he not had anything to say concerning Christine's marriage. He could not conceive it; and hastening to his lodgings, he shut himself into his room. He thought of writing to Mrs. Dillingham, but found it impossible to express his feelings on paper; but tomorrow he would see her again—and to-morrow I could speak." Thus he mused.

Long, very long was that day and that night, but to-morrow at length came, and Mansfield was received at Mrs. Dillingham's. Again, too, Christine was sitting with her mother, and not leave her side. Was she shy? Never before had he so much wished her to be absent; and never before did she so much appear to consider herself to her mother's side. Did he speak of that with which his heart was bursting? Not a syllable—he could not!—But he did find in Christine, and her face she was not to be thought of. "If she does not love him," was his inference, though he might have comforted that, as he had heard she was going away, the idea of leaving a mother so tenderly beloved, and who depended on herself so much for comfort, might induce melancholy reflections, even though to be united to a being of deep interest. Then, would he not have to take her cling to her mother's side, as long as permitted to remain with her? But Mansfield thought on such subjects but to think on; but again and again, as he glanced at her face, he mentally said—"She loves him not!"

The parental visit he continued like the preceding one, and again, as soon as he was being himself from his constraint. Time was rolling on! he had heard more than once that Mr. Canning was expected, and the period which would prove fatal to his happiness, were going forward, and yet he remained inactive, as if spellbound. In the course of the day he wrote a long letter to Mrs. Dillingham, determined to see her again for one hour, and if he could not speak with her, to put the letter into her hand at parting.

And where, all this time, was that formidable rival? Mansfield knew not, and had not been long enough in Bristol to get a glimpse of him.

The next day Mansfield was so happy as to find Mrs. Dillingham and her child at home, and on being ushered into the parlour—"You do not look well, Mr. Mansfield. You have not looked well since your return from your journey!" Hesitating—embarrassed—while the blood rushed to his very temples, he replied in a tone scarcely audible—

"Formerly I am in health—but mentally never low indeed."

Mrs. Dillingham looked up, as if inquiring an explanation.

"Mrs. Dillingham," he said, in the same subdued tone, "if my intention—if—be watched!"

"Mansfield—watched!" repeated Mrs. Dillingham, with a look of amazement.

The fixed gaze of his feelings was surmounted, and the former relief forth, and, indeed, was soon, full master of himself.

"I have watch'd
And nearly, I must fly
From those I would converse with."

Mrs. Dillingham's look of astonishment increased with every word he uttered; but one she had time to reply, ere Mansfield, as if impelled by some irresistible power, left the room.

On arriving a stranger, the latter bowed, though his countenance was cold and unfriendly, and Mrs. Mrs. Dillingham was sufficiently collected to say—

"Mr. Canning, I presume?" and then added, with an air of politeness, "Mr. Mansfield."

"Mansfield here, indeed, and now I understand Christine's agitation, and her—" he muttered only the intimation of the need. Mr. Canning is once gentleman, and possessed of a mind that could feel and that the stranger, under a very singular man, was in a state of the most painful excitement. He was in a hesitating a most comfortable chair, and with every appearance of ease, was looking at his friend with a sort of approving amusement.

A few moments after this interesting silence followed, when Mrs. Dillingham rose, and advancing toward Mansfield, said—

"Mr. Canning will excuse me, if I leave him to converse with you for a few minutes in the library."

"Certainly, madam," said Mr. Canning, while at the same moment Mr. Mansfield said—

"The presence of your daughter, and Mr. Canning need not be intruded on you, my dear madam. Duly impress the question I proposed to you, and I am satisfied. Have done, Mansfield! Leave Bryan, and the latter once restored, the difficulty lay not in speaking, but in ceasing to speak. He proceeded:—"For myself, I am proud of declining here solemnly I love you deeply—dearly—"

"Mr. Mansfield, I know, is—whether he is engaged whether she is attached to another!"

Overwhelmed with astonishment and confusion, Christine sank into a chair.

"My dear, if you can, I had rather you should speak for yourself."

Christine dropped on the end of a sofa, and rested her arms on its pillow, and buried her forehead in them.

"Mr. Mansfield," said Mrs. Dillingham, "I am so much surprised—so much pained—by both of your late unusual excitement, and at a declaration so unexpectedly, so abruptly made, that I am not in a state to be answered by feel bound to answer questions thus proposed. Have the goodness to excuse me, and to believe that my concern to wait her affections, by disclosing to her the state of your case at—"

"Never, mother, never!—this is the first I have heard of," exclaimed Christine, raising her head, but inaduce it by dropping it again.

Madam," said Mansfield, endeavoring by a strong effort to recover his self-possession, "it is not long since you expressed to me your wishes on this subject, and I discovered that your wishes were those of your daughter; and during my recent journey, I determined, unalterably on my return to acquaint you with the state of my affections. On my arrival here, I found circumstances that met me was, that Miss Dillingham was engaged to Mr. Canning. I was astonished, and looked beneath the blow—I was overwhelmed. This must be my apology for not having addressed you sooner, into which I may have been betrayed. For the rest—here I am, and I repeat that I love your daughter. I repeat me to say, that however far I may in all things else fall below the gentleman, I am sure that in point of attachment to Miss Dillingham, in point of appreciating the excellence of her character, and of her worth, I excel him. Mrs. Dillingham, will you permit me to propose for my suit to your daughter?"

"One moment, if you please, sir," said Mr. Canning, with great coolness, "and I will retire, with your leave, into the parlour floor, which he had been silently traversing, "Mr. Mansfield is a gentleman, and the confidence of a philosopher—I cannot permit an appeal to Miss Dillingham, which, in my view, is so unjust, as that from me, my son, that for six years her image has been the object around which all my affections have centered, my earthly happiness; and that I have been living with the hope of returning to Bristol, and there to arrive, at which her mother would consent that she should take on her self the responsibilities of a wife. I have no new proposition to make. My heart is with Miss Dillingham, and has been for years. Will you permit me to say, that however far I may in all things else fall below the gentleman, I am sure that in point of attachment to Miss Dillingham, in point of appreciating the excellence of her character, and of her worth, I excel him. Mrs. Dillingham, will you permit me to propose for her suit to your daughter?"

"Christine, my daughter," said Mrs. Dillingham, after a short silence, to Mr. Canning and Mr. Mansfield before you. What answer do you return to their request?"

For what seemed to all present a long time, Christine remained motionless, as if she had not heard the question, but enough to make herself heard, she said—"Dearest, dearest mother, answer for me!"

"How can I do so, my daughter!—Yet," added Mrs. Dillingham, after a slight pause, "since you refer to me, I will wish to send on you the veto of the mother of your child."

An instant only elapsed ere Christine arose, pale, indeed, as death, but apparently calm and collected, and advancing toward Mr. Canning, she placed her hand within his. She did more; more than he expected—more than he desired—more than he could bear. Mansfield rushed from the house.

"Christine, my love," said Mrs. Dillingham,

"Your daughter is gone—she has fainted," said Canning, as he laid her insensible form on a sofa. "As soon as Christine exhibited signs of returning consciousness, Canning said—

"I will see you again in the evening, Mrs. Dillingham, when you have both yourself and your daughter more composed, and unfluttered quiet.

"Will you see and converse with Mr. Canning now my love?" said Mrs. Dillingham, as she entered the room to which her daughter had been conducted for the purpose.

"Yes, mother, if you will remain with me."

"Mr. Canning, my love, is not with me."

Mrs. Dillingham left the room, and Mr. Canning entered. He was calm, but still pale, and his countenance was expressive of the struggle that had taken place within his breast.

"Christine, my dear child," said he, "I have thought that perhaps I might be an empty hand which you placed within mine this morning, if my experience in courtship could be trusted. Both your happiness and my own depend on your answer to that question. Tell me whether the decision of this morning was made with the full consent of your heart."

After a silence of some length, Christine replied—"I love him—"

"You don't know?" said Mr. Canning. "What, dear Miss Dillingham, you do not know?"

After another long pause, Christine summoned strength and courage to say—"I seem to myself to love him—but—but—" and then she burst into tears, and could say no more.

"I thank you—though you owe nothing for the kept your hand for your trustworthy," said Canning, warmly. "I suppose it is unnecessary to ask, whether you are unmarried of the other?"

Christine had her face upon her mother's shoulder, and was not yet fully equal to answer.

"My dear Miss Dillingham," pursued Canning, "I am sure that you will not think it happiness to impede on a perfect understanding of each other's feelings, and will not object to my undertaking, in wishing clearly to learn the state of yours. In justice to myself you will allow me to say, that my heart has been true to our vows—that I have been true to you. Will you permit me to ask, whether you have been equally so?—whether you have not, during my absence, been engaged to another?"

"Never, never!" exclaimed Christine, starting from her mother's shoulder, and looking at Canning with a countenance in which the expression of pain and fear was lost in that of confidence—true beauty!

SATURDAY POST

WASHINGTON, JUNE 25, 1841.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $0.50 a sheet for six months.

Postmasters are requested to fund their letters addressed to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please to endorse their names with their names or initials.

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Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, as an advance, will be entitled to Eleven Copies.

Remittances must always state the name of the person from whom they come, as well as to whom the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

$2? JOHN H. THOMPSON, Esq., of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed Agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Godey's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers or their places and those wishing to subscribe for either publication, will be kind enough to call on him.

$2? J. JAMES is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. STONE and SETH T. BROOKS. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by attending with them.

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$2? J. S. MAY is our travelling agent for Maryland and Delaware.

Financial Record.

New Counterfeits.

Peoples' Bank, Newburyport—Vignette, a shovel lever &c. They may be detected by the signature of E. B. D. Hopkin, President, which is very much unlike the true, and by the further denomination than $5, and that the genuine tree have no such figure. The counterfeit is said to be well executed by the figures 10.

Cabinet Bank, New Orleans—$5's payable in E Hewes, dated April, 1840. No genuine notes are payable to this person.

Mechanics' Bank, Neward, N. J.—10's, letter A, vignette on the left, a Railroad Car, on the right a Steamboat, also, spurious notes of this bank, dated 1839.

Union Bank, New York—7's, letter A, dated Oct. 1, 1840. Cashier's name, Daniel D. Tompkins, in the center tablet is spelt Elsbree. The engraving is not well done. The figure of Washington is too tall—the eye also too small. The word not in the center of the note pearly executed.

Bank of Brighton, Brighton, Mass.—10's letter G, payable to C. Stimpson, dated May 1, 1840. A spurious two ships under full sail. On right end, a steamboat—and on left, a locomotive. The vignette is the engraving the New England Bank note Co. Poorly executed.

City Bank, Boston, Mass.—Counterfeits on Farmers Bank of Sandstone—a broken concern. May be detected by the spurious figure of Liberty, which is not on the genuine notes.

Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company, Cincinnati—A letter E payable to G. Young, dated April 3d, 1840. Vignette, a female, with a spear, and the shield of the state on the distance; on left end, an Indian sitting on the side of a bank; on right end, determination of note. Signed A. A. Freeman, Cash'r. N. J. Wheeler, Pres't. A counterfeit institution, and can be easily detected.

Bank of Delaware—$1's letter B, No. 8184, payable to J. T. Rudy, dated Wilmington, 4th Dec., 1839. We view this note with the genuine are filled up with black.—*Rich. Reporter*

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Exchange Broker, for the week ending Thursday.

		From sold for
97	shares Girard Street Bank	17¼
445	do. Phil. & Erie R R	2¼@3
100	do. Kensington Bank	28@29
15	do. Schuylkill Navigation Co.	8½@9
100	do. Kensington Bank	29
60	do. Reading R.	39@37
10	do. Philada. & Trenton R R	79
100	do. Girard Bank	17
50	do. Wilmington Bank	37
100	do. Farmers' Bank	84
1	do. Northern Liberties Bank	50
1	do. North America Bank	200

General News.

SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC.—The Vermont Chronicle publishes a letter dated Bradford, Vt. June 14th, as follows:—An event occurred in the distant part of this town last night, which called the most distressing grief to the hearts of many in our community. The house of Mr. Reuben Kimball, a respectable farmer, in the north part of the town, aged 18, was consumed in it! The fire originated from a candle, which was carried into the room where the young man lay sick with the small-pox. They examined it before retiring, and thought it safe. But about midnight, the flames awoke one in season to escape,—the fire had made such progress that it was impossible to save the other. The house of Representatives at the funeral of Mr. Kimball, from Hon. Mr. Miller, of Missouri. Mr. Miller, of New York, was also present, as a representative of the House.

Resolutions were also sent to the Senate concurred in by that body.

Resolutions on the part of the Senate concurred in and Printed.

The House then adjourned, and the session was continued in the procession.

WASHINGTON, June 19, 1841.

The House of Representatives have received from the Senate, stating that the Senate had come to a resolution to meet on Monday next, and reported proposed the whole day on the Resolutions to the Funeral Agent Book. They intends forming at through the

Sandwich Islands.

The Hon. Mr. Ingersoll, Minister of the United States of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, N. which have been received at Washington, are important news.

The 11th of January was the coldest on Rochester to the morning stood 40 degrees.

Cincinnati was expected at Lahaina the 1st of February. A singular circumstance had happened. Of all the vessels that it was discovered that the pendulum, the chronometer, and that the compass, etc. Another site was selected, and the work commenced—and it is said the monument had been natured before. Its site is on the beautiful bay of Lahaina roads.

Some of the Vincennes were experiencing much sickness.

Immigration.—The number of immigrants who have arrived during the present season at foreign ports exceeds 21,000. A late Quebec paper states that 9,000 in Canada at 12,000; Nova Scotia, 2,000. It is expected that during the months of June, July and August not 40,000 more will arrive in New York and Quebec.

Curious Phenomena.—Some curious phenomena have been accompanied the English Colony to the Swan River Settlement, discovered during the past summer, of which, warmed by the rays of the sun, gave out in succession a smoke similar to that exhaled by persons who smoke tobacco.

A Check to Locusts.—Four individuals recently in Chenoh county, Alabama, who have set themselves to chase one Solomon Cooley, were tried for assault and battery, and the jury rendered a verdict of $15,000. A few verdicts like this will put a stop to lynch law.

Important Discoveries.—The revenue derived by the United States, in about 4,500,000 a year. They formerly but one-fourth part in support of the old Halifax and Falmouth packet line.

A Dreadful Catastrophe.—A London paper contains an that 15 persons, mostly females, were crushed the Matanza, at Adelaide, on a temporary wooden bridge, on the 31st March, fell into the river, and 17 of them were drowned.

Miniature Steamboat.—Two young men, named Brand and Gurley, belonging to Pittsburgh, Pa., have built and launched a steamboat only 30 feet long, 7 feet wide, and 4 feet deep, stocked with a full complement of men.

Floud and Wheat.—The quantity of Flour delivered from the Erie Canal at West Troy and Albany during the present season, according to which, the total population of the United States is 17,060,113.

The United States Gazette.—The Mademoiselle publishes the first official census, according to which, the total population of the United States is 17,060,113.

A Complimentary Insult.—Mount's poem of Lola Rooks, has been rendered in Persian, and sung in the streets of Ispahan.

The Crisis.—The Westmoreland Intelligencer states that the wheat crop in that section looks remarkably well. The oat crop is without the slightest exception.

Steam Boiling.—A striking test of the steam engine has been adopted at Portsmouth: it is a floating bridge, across the ferry and drive with ease, impelled by the engines of twenty horse power, and making the passage (2200 feet) at the speed of about 180 a minute. The bridge draws, with all its machinery, but two feet. The invention will naturally supersede the awkward contrivances of bridges at boats on the great European rivers, and will not impossibly obviate the formidable expenses of building bridges, and must greatly facilitate the communication in cultivate and new settlements in every part of the world.

The Trial of Dr. Hogan, on charge of causing the death of Joseph Smault upon a different year, has caused Josephine Claiborne, was commenced at New Orleans on the 10th inst., but the jury failed to agree upon a verdict at eleven o'clock that night. The defendant is a married man and a respectable physician. The principal charge is a capital offence.

Locke at the Farm School, who was indicted as a vagrant, for refusing to support his wife, has forfeited his bonds and escaped a trial.

City News.

Municipals.—The following list of middlemen to the order of rank assigned them by the Board of Examiners, which continued over three weeks, together by the Board of Aldermen, on 14th inst. is published officially in the National Intelligencer:

1. Joseph N. Barney. 2. Alexander Murray. 3. Joseph C. Neal. 4. Edward Donaldson. 5. Charles McLane. 6. Edward Donaldson. 7. George H. Graham. 8. F. B. Hunter. 9. George H. Preble. 10. Thomas R. Hogg. 11. Robert B. Bell. 12. M. L. Hall. 13. Joseph C. Neal. 14. Thomas R. Hogg. 15. William H. Caldwell. 16. Wilmer Shields. 17. Charles Fleming. 18. Robert B. Bell. 19. M. Hall. 20. James S. Ridgely. 21. John Rea. 22. Joseph A. Adams. 23. Thomas R. Hogg. 24. Robert M. Rowland.

Removal.—At the instigation of Wm. Thomas, a Justice of the peace for this city, the Recorder has committed to prison three notorious blacks, named Tobias Clarke, Thomas H. Rodes, and Thomas Jones, for assault and battery. Jones had, charged with robbing the complainant of a small sum of money, and a fight ensued between the parties, during which Jones had struck at the woman Crooks, and missing his aim, struck Thomas in the eye, and rendered him with some poisonous drug. This should operate as a warning to those who are addicted to the use of our city.

Appeal to the Intolerance.—The Customs was called on Sabbath morning, by a house in Race-st., Court, Mcymensing, to view the body of a colored man named Joseph Jones, a native of Africa, aged 60 years, named James and Mary Murray, who had resided suddenly. The former died on the night of the morning and the latter in an hour after. The jury rendered a verdict of "Visitation of God." The deceased James and Mary Murray came to their death from the effects of cholera.—*Pittsburg Republican.*

Mercantile Escape.—On Saturday afternoon last, a lad apprenticed to Mr. Edgar Shivers, house carpenter, had a narrow escape. He was engaged in the cupola, in roofing a house in Second street, below Pine, when he fell, by some accident, from the height of forty feet. Part of his connections are said to be highly respectable; but at last accounts from the physician in charge of him, of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in the city. The accident has been attributed to the excessive heat, pecuniary embarrassments, brought on by extravagant living.

Another Case of Drowning.—On the 13th inst., says the New York Post, a young man made his appearance at East Rockaway, in his sail-boat, quite small. The vessel was in the center of the note pearly executed.

Bank of Brighton, Brighton, Mass.—10's letter G, payable to C. Stimpson, dated May 1, 1840. A spurious two ships under full sail. On right end, a steamboat—and on left, a locomotive. The vignette is the engraving the New England Bank note Co. Poorly executed.

City Bank, Boston, Mass.—Counterfeits on Farmers Bank of Sandstone—a broken concern. May be detected by the spurious figure of Liberty, which is not on the genuine notes.

Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company, Cincinnati—A letter E payable to G. Young, dated April 3d, 1840. Vignette, a female, with a spear, and the shield of the state on the distance; on left end, an Indian sitting on the side of a bank; on right end, determination of note. Signed A. A. Freeman, Cash'r. N. J. Wheeler, Pres't. A counterfeit institution, and can be easily detected.

Bank of Delaware—$1's letter B, No. 8184, payable to J. T. Rudy, dated Wilmington, 4th Dec., 1839. We view this note with the genuine are filled up with black.—*Rich. Reporter*

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Exchange Broker, for the week ending Thursday.

		From sold for
97	shares Girard Street Bank	17¼
445	do. Phil. & Erie R R	2¼@3
100	do. Kensington Bank	28@29
15	do. Schuylkill Navigation Co.	8½@9
100	do. Kensington Bank	29
60	do. Reading R.	39@37
10	do. Philada. & Trenton R R	79
100	do. Girard Bank	17
50	do. Wilmington Bank	37
100	do. Farmers' Bank	84
1	do. Northern Liberties Bank	50
1	do. North America Bank	200

A Child Drowned.—A little boy aged 5½ years, the son of Gen Matthews, of Buffalo, was drowned a day or two ago there.

At one time the lake offers resolved to bed on an upper room at one. After sleeping awhile he awoke here others and gone below stairs to the kitchen, in search of water, which was in a basket on a shelf. In order to reach the vessel, he placed a piece of board from a bench to the top of a deep cistern in the room, and on which he must have climbed to obtain the water. Standing upon this board it quickly tipped up, and the poor little was thrown in, where he soon ceased to breathe.

Spearing Sunk.—The Steamboat Caroline at New Orleans, on the 10th inst. reports that she was informed Oregon, with a valuable cargo of produce, lead and tobacco, struck on the 10th inst., but the boat succeed in at Turkey Island, in the upper Mississippi, and boat and cargo will prove a total loss. Several passengers part of the cargo said to be fully insured. Also having passed the steamer Charleville, sunk at Walker's Plantation, fourteen miles below Point Chipe, with a cargo valued between forty and fifty thousand dollars, which will be almost a total loss.

Trial for Manslaughter.—Andrew Freeburger was tried at Baltimore, on Friday last, for killing Thomas Walker, by a blow with his fist. Walker had interfered to prevent a fight between Freeburger and another individual, and unfortunately got into a quarrel himself, which resulted in the fatal blow. At the same time, was under the influence of liquor; the jury acquitted him, the ground that he had signed the temperance pledge, determined to run no more risks by temperance intimacy with improper drinks.

A Sister Killed by a Brother.—On the night of Sunday week, at Newark, Ohio, Mrs. Ketchum, daughter of Mr. Edward Thomas, was shot and killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of her brother, Charles Thomas. Mrs. Ketchum, with her husband, had just finished supper, and were sitting about the table, when Charles, who had been out with a gun, came into the place where it hung out of curiosity, and while examining the instrument found it loaded, and shot her through the head, producing instant death.

Shocking Railroad Accident.—The Norwich (Ct.) Courier says that Mr. Ebenezer Lee, while attaching the freight cars from the locomotive on the railroad, on Friday last, was thrown from the top of one of the track, and his head was instantly severed from his body. He was about 30 years of age, and left a wife. He has also left under the train while endeavoring to loosen the hook, and one of his legs was severed from the body at the knee. A Coroner's jury, after careful inquiry, rendered the conclusions from the facts.

A Destructive Fire at New Orleans.—The N. O. Bee of the 31st says:—Last night at half past 11 o'clock, a colored woman, belonging to and while occupied by Mr. Wodenworth, which consumed the building and its contents. That unfortunate woman fell a victim to the raising buildings forming the range from Basin to Franklin-st., and bounded by Conti and Bienville streets. Several tenements on Bona and Franklin streets were also destroyed. The whole number of houses consumed is from eight to ten."

Insolvent List.—The list of Insolvents who have applied at the present term of the Court for the benefit of the Act for Insolvent Laws, embraces not less than one hundred and forty-six names. This is something of an index to the pecuniary distress which exists in Philadelphia.

Death of Dr. Abercrombie.—We notice with much regret the decease of the Rev. and Hon. Dr. James Abercrombie, D. D., long known and highly esteemed as the oldest Protestant Episcopal Clergyman in Philadelphia.

To the Editors of the "Saturday Evening Post."

Gentlemen—I noticed in your paper some weeks ago, a notice of the successful result of an operation which had been performed upon my eye by Dr. T. J. Conner, and, at the time, I had intended to call on the opportunity from you, to state a little more particularly the benefit which I have received from the surgical skill of the gentleman. I had suffered under an obliquity in my right eye, for about thirty-five years, and had no expectation that the defect in my vision could ever be remedied. The eye had become more to me for use or ornament, and while my sight was entirely destroyed in the other, the meantime come under my notice, led me to attempt a cure. After many inquiries, I succeeded in my search for the gentleman whom I found to be one of the most talented and accomplished ladies in the city. Dr. Conner, by his unremitting attentions, and his thorough knowledge, were eminently successful—restoring completely the parallel action of the eyes. I have witnessed the operations of many surgeons, and some of them, too, were extremely delicated, and in every instance I have been highly gratified with the skill and dexterity of the operations. I can, therefore, not only to my own sense of gratitude, but to the clear and deliberate conviction of my judgment, give the recommendation I have made, to recommend to all who are afflicted with squinting, or strabismus to it is called, to seek the skill of Dr. Conner, in curing such defects.

Stephen H. Tyng.

Philadelphia, June 24, 1841.

Deafness Cured.

We noticed some time since an interesting article in the Medical Examiner, written by Dr. G. H. Partridge, of this city, on the subject of the Deafness, its causes, cure, &c. The article attracted particular attention to afflictions of the ear, for the purpose of discovering a remedy for the very many cases of incurable deafness, and upon which so many thousands of our fellow beings are afflicted. He recommends the use of Kreosote with proper instruments for the application of the Remedy. He has effected, and from the high standing and character of him who had recommended its use, we were satisfied that the statement was made from the highest motive of humanity, and accordingly gave our opinions, at the time, in favor of the remedy. Since that time many cases of deafness had repeated proofs of very extraordinary cures performed by Dr. P., he having seldom failed, as we understand, in any case in which he has undertaken to remove deafness. Recently we would again urge the necessity for all those who wish to avail themselves of the Doctor's advice, and procure their hearing, to call on him without delay. We are assured that there is not the most distant fear of harm resulting from its use, nor does it produce the slightest pain, but on the contrary is agreeable and pleasant sensation.

We extract the following from a number of other cases written by Dr. Partridge, and published in the Medical Examiner of this city.

"About a month a year ago, Mrs. E. of New York, aged about 45 years, on a visit to this city, informed me that about eight years previous, she found her hearing gradually beginning to become less distinct in one ear. When I first saw her, it was with great difficulty I could make her hear, although I spoke very loud. She was in the most distressing state of mind, that when riding over the pavements in a carriage, she could hear as well as any one. This was a source of great annoyance, and mortification to her sence. I immediately became interested; I accordingly injected the lady to take with me, and soon found that when we were seated in my quiet, and she carrying on conversation, her hearing was very acute, indeed she could hear better than I could. As the lady had subjected to various modes of treatment without any good resulting, I thought it to be a fair chance to try the Kreosote, and was pleased in a short time to find it had given to the debilitated organs, and improved the hearing rapidly, so that on four months she could hear as well as before the attack.

Penalty of seduction.

At the present term of the Circuit Court, Newark, N. J., Margaret Irvin recovered of Uzal O. Bennette, for the seduction of her daughter, the handsome sum of *five thousand five hundred dollars*. The case was a very aggravating one, the young lady was about seventeen years of age, and had contracted an unfortunate regard for the defendant. After having ventured her confidence on a promise of marriage, the defendant abandoned her and married another. The verdict, it is said, would have been much larger, had the defendant been worth the money.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters containing notes which the re-mail is rare a specie by mail. We do not mail receipts in that way. Every dollar received by mail, or by others, is acknowledged as before, the day after. We also notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can all upon him and have their letter containing money marked. If the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved or, if otherwise, was previously post to this matter part of the world.

Receipts for the Week ending with to the 30th June.

June 21, received from
[illegible] $7.00
E. P. Smith 6.00
J. Bowers 7.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
A. Cook 7.00
Mr. Hall 7.00
W. Wootton 7.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
Mr. Hall 7.00
H. G. Stotler 7.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
Mr. Hall 7.00
J. Lawrence 7.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
S. T. Jackson 10.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
J. P. Tanner 15.00
Mr. Hall 7.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
G. D. Ballard 7.00
Mr. Hall 7.00
C. C. Wolfe, Esq. 70.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
P. Lake 7.00
Mr. Hall 7.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
Mr. Hall, Esq. 7.00
W. Shipley 7.00
S. Herbert 7.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
R. Fairchild 7.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
Thos. Moore 7.00
Mr. Hall 7.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
G. D. Ballard 7.00
Mr. Hall 7.00
C. C. Wolfe, Esq. 70.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
P. Lake 7.00
Mr. Hall 7.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
Mr. Hall, Esq. 7.00
W. Shipley 7.00
S. Herbert 7.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
R. Fairchild 7.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
Thos. Moore 7.00
Mr. Hall 7.00
Mr. Hallock 7.00
G. D. Ballard 7.00
Mr. Hallock

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Our Country's Flag.

Fling out our country's freedom type.
Our glorious stripes and stars,
The safeguards of a nation's right,
The bulwarks in its wars.
Still may they nobly folds be seen
To shield the pilot true
A refuge for each unhurt soul
Who trusts in them.

Still float unfurl'd on every sea,
Our country's boast and pride,—
And wafted fresh a nation free,
Then moment of the tide
Flung proudly out in calm and storm
The unmolested pageantry,—
And still 'tis all to thunder's voice
The sun's high destiny.

No chance shall lend that right flag—
It waves in manner bold,
It wears from every peak and cliff,
Of freedom's chosen land
No servile hearts bow to its sway,
But firmness firm and stout—
And freedom's cause with trumpet tone
Joins in the triumph shout.

A thousand glorious memories cling
Bright flag, to thee and thine,
Of victories won beneath thy sway,
Thou guardian of the shrine
Of hopes that brightened 'neath thy rays,
When brave ones met the foe—
Thine o'er the power that chose'd them on,
And nerved each dauntless blow.

Brave men have battled 'neath that flag,
In storied days of yore—
And proof it bloomed of their blood
On this, their native shore.
Have fought and conquered 'gin the strife,
And lend the hope to me—
Proud waving from o'er the happy land
The flag of Liberty.

Still brightly beaten my country's hope,
Unfolded to the breeze,
Still float in triumph o'er the land,
Wherever men are free—
From every prospect, stream and lake,
From mountain peak and crag,
Comes forth the cry of freedom's voice,
Uphold our country's Flag.

Philada. 1841. S. H.

Literature in the Dark Ages.

The last of the ancients, and one who forms a link between the classical period of literature and that of the Middle Ages, is, we believe, the next author, was Boethius, a man of fine genius, whose Consolation of Philosophy was written in prison shortly before his death. Thenceforward the downfall of learning and eloquence was more and more rapid. A state of general ignorance lasted about five centuries, a longer but living stream, however, kept flowing on in the worst times. Gaunt and Hailam agree in the opinion that the seventh century is the nadir of the human mind in Europe. Its movement in advance began in the eighth century, with Charlemagne. England soon furnished names of considerable importance in Theodore, Bede and Alcuin. Cathedral and conventual schools were created or restored by Charlemagne, which produced happy fruits under his successors. It is the most striking circumstance in the literary annals of the Middle Ages, that they are more abundant in native genius than in acquired ability. There was a sameness, a mediocrity, a servile habit of copying from others. Only two extraordinary men stand out from the crowd in literature and philosophy—Scotus Erigena and Gerbert. At the beginning of the 12th century, we enter on a new division in the literary history of Europe. The most important circumstances which tended to arouse Europe from her lethargy were the introduction of universities and the methods pursued in them; the cultivation of the modern languages, followed by the multiplication of books, and the extension of the art of writing; the investigation of the Roman law; and the return from the corrupt to the Latin language in its purity. Considerable additions to universities seem to have been derived from the Saracens. At the year 1400, we find a national literature subsisting in seven European languages, three spoken in the Spanish peninsula, the French, the Italians, the Germans and the English. The 15th century was not in the slightest degree superior to the preceding age in respect to the love of letters. The first real restorer of polite letters was Petrarch.

The Prairies.

You've never seen the prairies, dear, unless
You've seen them in the spring, when the young grass
Is fine, but ere the autumn fires have run
Across the rolling surface, and the wind
Sweeps in fierce gusts, and rustles through the dry
And withered herbage, and the sere leaves fall
From the dead trees, and flocks of wild fowl
Are making ready to migrate, and when
The cattle, that have fattened on the rich
And juicy grass, look thin and poor, and when
The wild deer, that have roamed in herds, are scarce
And shy and hard to find, and when the bee
Has ceased to murmur at his task, and when
The frosts have come, and nipped the last gay flower
That lingered late, and drunk the last drop
Of dew that trembled on the leaf, and when
The sun has come down to his winter path,
And the bright hues of summer have gone out
And left the whole broad landscape brown and sere.
You've never seen the prairies, dear, unless
You've seen them when the sun has set for hours,
And all the glory of the day has gone,
And from the edge of the dim horizon round
To the zenith's top, there lingers and burns on
One mighty flame, whose colors change and shift
Hues brighter than the rainbow's, while above
It domes the sky with one transparent blue
Of such supernal depth that the eye dares
Look through it to the sunset world beyond.
Then, when the flame has sunk, and the last tint
Of crimson light has faded out of heaven,
And the pale moon is riding in the sky,
And the first watch-fire of some wandering band
Of Indians, or of white men, sends up high
Its spiral column of smoke, and the bright stars
Are mirrored in the calm lake's silver breast,
And not a breeze is stirring, and not a sound
Disturbs the quiet of the night, except
The rustling of the bright leaves of the corn,
Or the deep lowing of the distant herds,
That feed on the rich herbage of the plain,
You've never seen the prairies, dear, unless
You've seen them in the autumn.

Over for the Plague.

It was at one time supposed that cold water was a specific for the plague. M. Desgenettes, physician to the French army in Egypt, relates that a sailor, attacked by the plague during the expedition into Syria, deserted, during a violent thunder storm, from the fort of Caffarelli, and wandered twenty hours in the desert. The sweatings, which he had upon him at the time, supperated and healed of themselves; the man perfectly recovered. An artillery-man also escaped from the lazaretto of Beirah on the day he was admitted, and in a paroxysm of a raised delirium precipitated himself into the Nile. He was taken out about a hundred fathoms, and perfectly recovered. On this subject Dr. Currie observes: "How fruitless and how perverse are our efforts to which reason and nature have attempted to come at this fatal disease! The best remedies for the plague were produced almost by the physicians both of France and England; they were not to be found in a drug-shop, or garret of Mesdames, or in the pharmacy of our shops; but it is probable they could have been found in the confinement of the breeze, in the dews of the night, and in the waters of the Nile."

A Good Hoax.—We have heard a great many very pleasant stories in our time, but just at this peculiar juncture we are unable to think of any thing which will ever hold a candle to the one which follows. If any two-legged animal, with a "human face divine" for a front countenance, will say one thing more reasonable we should be exceedingly happy to hear it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

"In the days of our grandfathers," there was one Jot Bowers, conspicuous above all scourers for his surrounding attentions to his wife. He could spend a day, and, to storm or in calm, he knew but one road, and that led to his mistress' door. His dog, his horse, his cat—every thing that belonged to him—went that way, and no other. Even an old pair of boots which he threw away one night, were found the next morning hard by against her door, and the tree turned out just as he used to wear them, having travelled two miles in a dark night, with no other guide than their known partiality for Jot's feet!"

Stranded by the Last.—An old man about to bid a last adieu to earth, had his friends called around him, when he was desired by his wife to tell what debts were owing to him. "Why, my dear," answered the first challenge for mailing, "Oh!" interjected his wife, "you have forgotten to say a word at this time of day, and not grant to close his last account, but 'set on' his two shillings for Jack and Jessee." "Ay, sir — two shillings for Jack!" "What a shilling to owe a man there!" "Ay, sir, he is the last!"—my name—but not to distress your-self." "Ay, sir, a comfort for a poor!" "Ay!"—quoth the wife, in a passion, "Ay, indeed, what won't he state good to say?" "Nay, my," quoth Jessee, "I'm sure Jack Tannon owes me pound to balance it a year." "Hold," said the wife, "I'm sure I owe, he got mean—some mind any more that he says."

Grand Jurors Mean.—One day at the table of the late Mr. Justice Buller, a case of law that was being rumoured, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary meanness among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six thousand barristers to no better purpose. The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company a blessing for the first and every other mercy the Lord's name be praised!"

Forced, yet.—The following is from an exchange paper: "I wonder how any one can eat his breakfast before reading a newspaper," said an old bachelor of this city. "I wonder how any one can eat his breakfast after reading a thirteen newspaper," said his wife.

Complimentary.—"I have just completed a very wonderful business," we heard a man remark the other day to another, "and I now feel like a gentleman." "Ah, indeed," dryly remarked the other, "I made a change there."

Gems of Magazines.

From Graham's Magazine for July

The Reefer of '76.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PASSING IN THE LAST SEAS."

The White Squall.

I was standing one sultry afternoon, by the weather rail, (pretending to smoke a cigar, for the ex's sake, and indulging in such reveries as ensued upon the mind in the quietness of idleness, when my attention was called to the cry of the look-out that a sail was approaching, and just then coming out in that direction I was soon enabled to detect a white speck far up on the starboard bow, quarter on bearing as much resemblance, in the eye of an unpractised observer, to the wing of a sea-gull, as to what we knew it really to be—the royal of a main-sail. In an instant all was bustle on our decks. The men below poured up the gangway—the skulkers came out from under the sides of the guns—the officers gathered eagerly in a knot about the mainmast; spy-glasses were put in requisition, shrewd guesses were hazarded upon the flag—the stranger, and all the curiosity which the sight of an unknown sail produces on board a man-of-war, was displayed in its full force among us.

"I think she carries herself like a Frenchman," said the first lieutenant.

"Or Portuguese," said the skipper, "but she lifts as if she were in ballast."

"I could swear her to be a Hollander," said a lieutenant, who had served a cruise in the ports of the States.

"And were you not all so sure," interposed a weather-beaten quarter-master, whose boast it was that he had been at sea from the age of seven years—"I should say just many braggart was a real Spaniard, such as Sal would have given ten years of his life to be mistaken for a native of a hell of a country except the little Frank-Pitt has done his much to raise Sal, and have lucky hereafter to be lost one."

The day had been unusually sultry. A light breeze had ruffled the ocean in the morning, but two hours before noon it died away, and left it had died away, and an almost dead calm had succeeded. The sun was fierce as it is always, and sometimes this coast is treated. Meantime the morning had passed little, if anything, under our notice. Not a ripple broke upon its whole extent. The sky was cloudless; the rays of the sun, pouring down their fullest intensity, seemed to penetrate through the awning overhead, heated the deck till the pitch began to bubble beneath the feet. The air was close, stifling, noisome. The men covered their faces with their hats, or with any thing which would protect them from the scorching rays, and crept over the schooner's side. The sea glowed like molten brass, and the vessel, as she rolled lazily on the smooth swell, rose and fell, after a sullen, sluggish fashion, that was more like the motion of a dying man than any thing else with which I can compare it. Our very sails, as they flapped against the masts, seemed to have lost all their usual energy, and their every motion was in unison with the general languor that prevailed around us.

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"What's the matter now?" said the lieutenant.

"You've been dreaming, Mr. Reefer," said the skipper, "or you would have seen a nor'easter afore now," pointing with the stem of his pipe to the quarter down there on the sea-board in a line with that second cutter, bobs in and out as a man would drive down a nail, and then you'll see a feather before it—say! or some Noah's ark itself, which the parson is for ever telling us was a real craft, instead of being sway ever rather than a sea-goal over the seas."

We all looked in the direction the skipper had before pointed us, and sure enough, about five or six miles off, we descried a small, dark object, which bore much of a resemblance to a feather, or to the fabled Noah's ark, according to the fancy of the observer.

"Ay!" said the master, by way wish has had a magical effect, I faith, we're dropping the English almost, Oh! for the wings of a gull or of the States.

"And what are you not all so sure," interposed a weather-beaten quarter-master, whose boast it was that he had been at sea from the age of seven years—"I should say just many braggart was a real Spaniard, such as Sal would have given ten years of his life to be mistaken for a native of a hell of a country except the little Frank-Pitt has done his much to raise Sal, and have lucky hereafter to be lost one."

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